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THINGS THAT MAY OR MAY NOT HAPPEN.

PROVISION against necessities which are sure, or at least very likely to occur, as against the burden of a young family, or the infirmities of old age, is so great and so respectable a duty, that the more prudent and well-meaning are sometimes found to carry providence of all kinds a little into excess. We then see the opposite folly, which President Jefferson used to remark upon, of an over-anxiety respecting "things that may or may not happen." The error, however, takes various forms. It sometimes consists in making a provision greater than is required for the necessity, supposing it should occur. Sometimes it consists in treating a very improbable occurrence as if it were certain, and thus taking a trouble almost sure to be found superfluous. Oftener, perhaps, it takes the shape of an anxiety to make sure of the provision within a very short space of time, when it is clear that a much larger space of time is necessary, and not less clear that a much larger space of time has been allowed for the purpose. In all this there is error, though of a kind which leans to the side of wisdom. We should be glad if we could, without risk of damage to those minds in which foresight is deficient, illustrate the faults of those in whom it is excessive, and a source of evil. We approach the task with a slight degree of fear, but yet would hope to be able in some measure to effect the good we have in view, without producing a corresponding amount of injury, or any at all, on the opposite side of the account.

In one of the most common and also most important occasions for the exercise of forethought, the forming of a matrimonial union, there is generally rather a short-coming of prudence than an excess. We have therefore nothing to remark on this point, except that we wish that fewer ill-provided marriages were effected. There are, however, conspicuous traces, in the English commercial class particularly, of over anxiety as to the remote provision of a family. Men toil at their professions with an eagerness and a degree of application ruinous to their own health, for the avowed purpose of ensuring the ultimate comfort of their children. The self-sacrifice is dictated by more than one good and laudable principle; but it is in many cases unreasonable, and calls rather for reproof than praise. It is quite proper that every fair exertion should be made for children during the time when they are helpless and dependent; but when the object is to render children, in their mature days, independent of the toils which are now wearing out the very vitals of their parents, the self-sacrifice is not only unreasonable, but highly culpable. One generation may thus be said to undertake the labours of two; one man tasks himself with the duty of many; than which nothing could be more inequitable. He is apt, besides, to defeat the very end he had in view, by exhausting himself in the middle of his days, and leaving his family dependent at a time when they ought not to be so. Clearly, his reasonable course is to toil more at leisure, with no other immediate view than to rear his children decently in the style of his own rank, till they shall be able to provide for themselves, though not without a hope of being ultimately able, by the improvement of his circumstances, to do more for them. By this leisurely method, the superior object is even more likely to be attained than by the other, for though he advances slowly, he probably advances surely, and, retaining health and strength, is longer able to exert himself in behalf of his children. It is, however, extremely questionable if these ultra exertions of one generation in the cause of another, are, in any great proportion of instances, of real benefit to

the second party. That second party is perhaps only rendered by them slothful and luxurious, or at least easy and inenergetic, without being after all secured by them from want. Better it were for each generation in that rank of life in a great measure to depend upon, and only contemplate providing for, itself.

Provision against old age—the night that cometh when no man may work—is another of the more common occasions for the exercise of forethought. An infirm old age is a contingency to which all are liable, and it ought therefore, if men are to be self-dependent at all, to be provided for. How often, however, do we see disproportioned exertions even for this respectable object! With many it is looked forward to as an awful time, sure to occur, and sure to be attended with tremendous evils. Thus unduly fearful of the event, they make such excessive exertions to alleviate its woes, as at the least deprive them of all enjoyment of the present, and perhaps cut them off in the middle of their days. A recently deceased friend of ours was one of those who are unduly anxious about the future, to the neglect of the present. In his case, all the pleasures and recreations appropriate to adolescence and middle life were postponed for after-fruit; but unfortunately the beatific future, the tranquil haven of quiet enjoyment, which he had all along contemplated, he did not live to reach. Worn out by application to business, he fell a premature victim to loss of appetite and general exhaustion, leaving his vast pecuniary gatherings to a brother who had already more than enough, who was more sordid than himself, and with whom, during life, he had kept up barely a friendly, certainly not a fraternal intercourse. This man was never married; he had never had any to provide for but himself. So inordinate a provision for comforts which a single person at any age can obtain for a small annual sum, seems preposterous. If any are exempt from the obligation to get rich, it is surely the class of bachelors, and their co-ordinates of the female sex. If they live to be old, their surviving friends are probably few in number, and it is impossible they can have any save distant relations. Therefore, if they make a moderate provision for the probable duration of their own lives, they may be said to have done all that a regard to their happiness, and all that society, can fairly demand of them. Nevertheless, it is very often in this class that we find the most glaring instances of a disproportioned anxiety about the future.

With regard to old age, there is one important feature of the case which is too little considered. It is generally contemplated as a certainty, while in reality it is only a contingency. Out of twenty men of thirty years of age, it is certain that only some smaller number will reach sixty. No one knows, of course, that he is not to be one of those who will reach sixty, and it may be said that all are therefore bound in prudence to provide against old age. But if all do so, it is certain that some will have done it in vain, and that the provision will prove useless for this end. Here is a loss to be avoided. It is to be avoided in advanced communities by mutual assurance, in the form of deferred annuities—a plan under which each pays only so much as will serve, in the whole, to provide for those who really do reach old age. It is well, of course, when any one can, by reasonable exertion, provide himself abundantly against the infirmities of advanced life, without resorting to this expedient; but, supposing this to be impossible, it is of importance to be aware that the principle of the deferred annuity spares the necessity of contemplating age as a thing which must be provided for whether it is to occur or not, and which enables every man to

make sufficient provision for it only in its limited and real character, as a contingency.

The difficulty of convincing any man at any time that he has enough, is common matter of remark; and it might almost appear visionary to entertain even a hope of producing this conviction in a single instance, much more so in a whole nation. The subject, nevertheless, seems to us capable of being considered in a point of view calculated to awaken, in many, a train of thought leading to this end. We would wish to take out of the scramble of life some who have no longer any just pretext for continuing in it, not only that more room might be afforded for those who really have reason to toil, but also to add to the number of that enviable class whose chief business is to enjoy and exemplify the art of enjoyment. It is not in cookery only, which administers to the physical appetites, that Udes and Glasses and Kitcheners are requisite, but there is a gastronomy in manners and living that requires to be cultivated. We are too little of epicures, not in the sensual, but the intellectual sense of that neglected branch of ancient philosophy. Political economy is the queen of social sciences no doubt, but some of her dogmas are more applicable to colonies and infant states than to old communities. There is in nations, as in individuals, a varying regimen suited to the different stages of their existence. In our case, the error seems to be in the thirst of accumulation; in our eagerness to amass, we overlook the end and aim of amassing, namely, distribution and conversion. We live as though we were merely the handmaids of the future, not the masters of the present; the pioneers whose sole business is to drain marshes and level obstructions for the convenience of ensuing generations. In this respect it might be well if we were, as the jockeys say, to "pull up," to inquire into the end contemplated in our Herculean labours, self-denials, and mortifications.

If youth be the season for exertion, it ought not to be forgotten that it is also the season for enjoyment. To make hay while the sun shines, is a good maxim in husbandry, and, doubtless, a good rule in conduct; but it means no more than that favourable opportunities ought not to be lost, whether for present indulgences or in providing for future ones. Some of the most notable examples of miscalculating providence are to be found in professional and commercial occupations. Of divinity and medicine little is to be remarked; in these pursuits success is frequently more a matter of grace and favour than of service and desert: but law is a real trial of strength. It is hardly possible that any, save the deserving, can win the legal prizes. Great natural gifts, improved and reinforced by laborious cultivation, are indispensable. A youth of severe study, a middle life of toil, and a premature old age of decay and lassitude, mostly form a transcript of the successful brief-monger's biography. And what are the rewards of his sacrifices and exertions? Wealth, perhaps, is certain; but the honours—the bench, the seals, and a coronet—which are the tempting baits, can be clutched by few of the struggling crowd of aspirants to these distinctions. It is said of lawyers that they have no pedigrees, and it is certainly as true that the more distinguished among them have rarely any descendants. They acquire money and titles, but seldom surround themselves with the more precious treasures of the affections. This was the fate of Dunning, Wedderburne, Thurlow, Stowell, and some others.

In the pursuits of commerce, abortive efforts of toil and anxiety are more common than at the bar. Here the sole aim is riches, and it is really enough to make angels weep and laugh too—for the cases are ludicrous

as well as pitiable—to witness the miserable ends in which the blind heaping up of wealth not unusually terminates. A life spent in the drudgery of the counting-house, warehouse, or factory, is exchanged for the dignified ease of a suburban villa; but what a joyless seclusion it mostly proves! Retirement has been postponed until all the faculties of enjoyment have become effete or paralysed. *Sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, *sans* task, *sans* every thing, scarcely any inlet or pulsation remains for old, much less new pleasures and associations. Nature is not to be won by such superannuated suitors; she is not intelligible to them, and the language of fields and woods, of murmuring brooks, mountain tops, and tumbling torrents, cannot be understood by men familiar only with the noises of crowded streets, loaded vans, bustling taverns, and postmen's knocks. London and the chief provincial towns are environed with luckless pyrites of this description, who, dropped from their accustomed sphere, become lumps of dross in a new element. Happily their race is mostly short; death kindly comes to terminate their weariness, and, like plants too late transplanted, they perish from the sudden change in long-established habits, air, and diet.

We once more entreat our readers to believe, that in these intimations it is not meant to disparage industry, application, or ambition. All that is intended is to caution against the folly of being so absorbed in the means that the ends of exertion are forgotten. There is a laudable temperance in the acquisition of riches and honours, as well as in the use of liquids and solids. Above all, Mr Jefferson's observation on over-anxiety regarding prospective calamities merits consideration. Some always meet evils half way, and live under constant apprehension of rain or foul weather, of disease or poverty, political revolutions and national bankruptcy. Sufficient for the day are the evils thereof. Let us wait—at least till the symptoms are certain and definite. Apprehended misfortunes may not come at all, or come in a shape much less appalling than that anticipated. A path will doubtless open as we advance, and, as the horizon recedes to the traveller, difficulties will disappear, or become less in the reality than the imagination had conceived.

A STORY OF THE ORLEANS REGENCY.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XV., when the government of France was entrusted to the Regent Orleans, a young Breton gentleman named Montlouis, the descendant of an ancient but decayed family, came to Paris on receiving a commission in the guards of the young king. For some time he performed his duties without any thing occurring to render his career of marked interest. One evening, however, in the month of November 1725, while he was walking along one of the streets leading to the Louvre, wrapped closely up in his cloak to defend him from the severity of the weather, and with his hand upon his sword hilt by way of precaution, he felt his arm grasped suddenly by a passing stranger, and heard the whispered salutation, "You are here, George, punctual to the hour. Follow me." The Christian name of Montlouis was Pierre, and he therefore saw at once that the stranger had made a mistake; but the natural thoughtlessness and adventurous spirit of youth led him to form an instantaneous resolution of following the stranger at his invitation. Accordingly, without another word passing between them, the pair moved onwards along the street Saint-Honoré, and after a walk of about five minutes, came to an open alley, where the stranger stopped for an instant, and, merely remarking, "This is the place," turned down the passage. A sort of dark avenue was then crossed, and finally M. Montlouis was led by his guide down several steps, which conducted them into a dark apartment, or rather a cave, as the young officer thought. Though he could see no one, Montlouis was not long in discovering that he was in the midst of a pretty large assemblage of persons. He heard their whispers, and felt, from the heated atmosphere of the place, that many persons were breathing in it. In a few moments, moreover, his presence seemed to have been announced, for many individuals came up and grasped his hand, uttering friendly salutations at the same time in low and indistinct tones.

It may be imagined that the guardsman, who well knew the dangers of the times, was by no means satisfied with the result, as far as it had appeared, of his adventure. His first impression was, that he was in the presence of a band of robbers. But this suspicion was speedily removed. Some individuals of the party began noiselessly to light a number of candles, at the completion of which operation M. Montlouis was enabled distinctly to see the whole scene before him. The apartment was indeed a cave, a long cave, at one end of which a black curtain hung, concealing from view a small portion of the space. From behind this place, Montlouis heard the sobs and moanings of one or more female voices. In the open lighted space about thirty persons were assembled, all of them wrapt in long cloaks, similar to that worn by the young guardsman, and to which the mistake was doubtless owing which had brought him there. The party were all individuals of grave and sombre aspect.

Montlouis covered his face as much as possible, and kept back from view, in the hope that no one would observe the error which had been committed. After a time, a man of about fifty years of age, reverend in appearance, and having long hair falling upon his

shoulders, came forward, and stood beside a dark object in the centre of the assemblage, which was covered with dark cloth, being evidently a bier or coffin. "My friends," said this person, "I think we are all present. Peace be with you." As these words were uttered, one of the party, an attendant seemingly, went to the door by which Montlouis had entered, and locked it. "Now," thought the officer, who began to see clearly the nature of the meeting upon which he had intruded himself so rashly, "now I cannot retreat if discovered, and may pay dearly for my folly." He had not much time to indulge these meditations. The former speaker continued his address. "My brethren," said he, "let us now offer up our prayers for our friend Bertrand de Brunen, who has quitted this vale of tears, and whose virtuous daughter, our beloved sister, entreats—"

At this point, one of the attendants advanced to the clergyman, for such he evidently was, and whispered a few words in his ear. Instantly he turned his eyes upon Montlouis, with a degree of evident surprise and alarm. He attempted indeed to continue his address, but his voice faltered, and his thoughts were obviously occupied with another subject. The confusion of the pastor soon extended to the whole assembly. They separated from Montlouis, and stared on him with an expression at once of menace and dismay. Seeing this, the officer resolved to disclose the truth. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am no spy. I give you my word of honour, I am not." But there was no change in the looks of the party. "I am Monsieur de Montlouis," continued the guardsman, who, himself trained to respect his family name, believed that to others also it must convey an assurance of unblemished honour in the bearer.

What would have been the issue of this matter, it is hard to say. But just as Montlouis was repeating his assertion, a noise was heard, and from behind the black veil already mentioned, a young female hastily issued. "Extinguish the lights," cried she in tones of alarm; "we are in danger!" Montlouis was much struck by the face and figure of this lady. Before her request could be obeyed by those present, the noise increased, loud knocks resounded on the outer door of the cave, and a voice exclaimed from without, "Open, in the name of the king!" On hearing this summons, a general exclamation of "we are betrayed!" came from the lips of the persons present, and, snatching up the bier, most of them disappeared by a low passage which had been previously unnoticed by Montlouis. Scarcely had they effected their escape, when the outer door gave way before the strokes of its assailants, and the room or cave was instantly filled with men wearing the dress of the civil force. At this moment, Montlouis and the young female spoken of were almost the only parties present. One of the intruders, a person who seemed to be their leader, advanced with his sword in his hand to the female, and, touching her on the shoulder, exclaimed, "I arrest you in the king's name!" Then, turning to those who accompanied him, he said, "This is Mademoiselle de Brunen; take her in charge. Fear nothing," he continued, addressing her; "no outrage will be permitted; we have an order from the king to conduct you to the convent of—"

Mademoiselle de Brunen took a close and agitated survey of the man who addressed her, and then, starting back as from a noxious reptile, she exclaimed, "Begone! touch me not! I know you, wretch," she continued; "you are no servant of the king. Help, friends! leave me not; let me not fall into this man's hands!"

The person of whom she spoke laid hands upon her, nevertheless, to drag her away, and no one would probably have interfered, had not her imploring looks, her youth, and her beauty, stirred the pity of Montlouis. "Let go the lady," cried he, unsheathing his sword, "or, whoever you may be, you shall have to answer to me." No reply was made by the other, who continued his attempts to carry off the lady, until forcibly thrown aside by Montlouis. Before any one could interfere, an active combat had commenced between the pair. Rapid passes were exchanged, and at length Montlouis laid his antagonist at his feet. In an instant afterwards the lights were extinguished, and the young guardsman found himself dragged backwards by unseen arms into the private passage by which the party had previously disappeared. A gentle voice whispered in his ear, "Follow me," and he felt the hand of Mademoiselle Brunen grasp his own, and lead him onwards through the darkness. When they stopped, Montlouis looked around him, and found that they had issued into one of the streets of Paris.

Several coaches stood at the spot. Mademoiselle de Brunen left him, and entered one of the vehicles, but immediately afterwards a person came up to the officer and said, "If Monsieur de Montlouis will do Mademoiselle de Brunen the honour of assisting in the completion of the sad ceremony which has been disturbed, she will feel gratified." He at once assented, and was conducted to one of the vehicles. "Forward!" cried a voice, and the whole of the carriages started at a rapid pace along the streets. After passing the barriers of the city, the travellers continued their route for a considerable distance, until they reached a lonely house surrounded by lofty walls. Here the carriages stopped, and the whole party left them. The bier was conveyed silently through the house into a garden, where a grave was found ready prepared. Rapidly and silently the ceremony of in-

terment was gone through, and then, with mournful farewell signs, the whole assemblage separated, each apparently taking his own way.

M. de Montlouis stood in the mean time a little apart. At the close of the funeral rite he was left alone with Mademoiselle Brunen. She came up to him, her eyes filled with tears. For a few minutes both were silent. "You have saved my life and honour, sir," said she at length, "but, I fear, at the cost, or at least the imminent risk, of your own." "Speak not of it, lady," said Montlouis. "You have been witness to an assemblage," continued she, "of our persecuted Protestant brethren,* who, at great peril to themselves, have dared to perform the last rites to my father, though he was a victim marked out by Cardinal Dubois and his creatures. I know not how you came among us; but you have saved me from the power of one who, under the pretext of converting me, had previously endeavoured to tempt me to ruin. Whether he had the regent's authority for his late attempt, I cannot say, but I know well that he is one whose death will not be left unavenged by Dubois. You are lost, utterly lost, and I have been the unhappy cause!"

Montlouis endeavoured to assure her of the causeless nature of her fears, but he failed to make his argument good. "There is one way," said the lady, hesitatingly, "there is—there appears to me but one way in which you may be saved." The young officer conjectured the cause of her hesitation. "Dear lady," said he, "fortune appears to have thrown us strangely together, and to have united our fates at one decisive blow. But, believe me, if, to relieve us from this extremity, it is necessary to take steps which might appear improper at another moment, believe me, I will not presume upon them." "You partly comprehend me," said Mademoiselle de Brunen, "but I will speak plainly. It would be folly, as well as base ingratitude, to permit the indulgence of childish feelings at the cost of your life. I have passports for myself and servants to go to Holland. I have friends there. You must fly with me; it is our duty to recompense you for all you have lost by me. You will find an asylum there." After a pause, she added, with a tremulous voice, "You must fly! If not, I too will remain, for I could not live after having destroyed you!"

Need we tell the reader the issue? M. Montlouis fled to Holland. A short time after these events, he was hung in effigy by the Cardinal Dubois's orders in Paris, but he was consoled for it by the attentions of a lovely wife and kind friends in a foreign land.

SWAINSON'S WORK ON THE HABITS AND INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.*

THE common sense of mankind has often solved problems that have perplexed philosophers. Every body knows what he means by instinct as distinguished from reason; it is only when he comes to explain the difference, and to define the limits between them, that he experiences a difficulty. The obvious cause is, that language is not capable of expressing the minuter shades of thought; we often see things very clearly ourselves, which we are not able to explain to others. The tints of an unusual flower, the notes of a newly discovered bird, the taste of a strange fruit, or the fragrance of a new perfume, cannot be adequately described by words; and the difficulty is increased the more the novelties resemble things with which we are familiar. We may say in the words of Dryden, slightly altered,

Instinct to Reason sure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

There are many actions performed by animals so similar to those of men, in forethought, contrivance, and the adaptation of means to an end, that naturalists find themselves unable to tell where instinct ends, and where reason begins. As in the cases we have cited, of sight, sound, and smell, one single example or experiment is worth whole volumes of disquisition, so in the subject of instinct the authenticated facts of animal life are far more valuable than dissertation, we shall at once proceed to lay before our readers the most important elucidations of animal life, collected by Mr Swainson, omitting, for the present, any notice of the various theories by which the appearances have been explained.

Memory is notoriously an attribute of animals, and in the common cases of dogs, elephants, and other domesticated animals, we know that memory generates personal attachment, and if not gratitude, something so very like it, that it is not easy to point out the distinction. Stedman, a traveller whose general

* Orleans, though himself indifferent to religion, and disposed to tolerate the Huguenots or Protestants, allowed his ministers to keep up all the rigour against that party which had so infamously marked the preceding reign.

† On the Habits and Instincts of Animals. By W. Swainson, A. C. G. (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. cxx.) London, Longman and Company.

accuracy Mr Swainson has verified by visiting the same country, assures us that the bees at Surinam become personally acquainted with those who live about their nests :—

"On one occasion I was visited at my hut by a neighbouring gentleman, whom I conducted up my ladder; but he had no sooner entered my aerial dwelling, than he leaped down from the top to the ground, roaring like a madman with agony and pain, after which he instantly plunged his head into the river. I soon discovered the cause of his distress to be an enormous nest of wild bees, or *wassee-wassee*, in the thatch, directly above my head as I stood within my door, when I immediately took to my heels, as he had done, and ordered the slaves to demolish them without delay. A tar mop was now brought, and the devastation just going to commence, when an old negro stepped up, and offered to receive any punishment I should decree, if ever one of those bees should sting me in person. 'Massera,' said he, 'they would have stung you long ago, had you been a stranger to them; but, being your tenants, and allowed to build on your premises, they assuredly know both you and yours, and will never hurt either you or them.' I now, at his own desire, caused the old black man to be tied to a tree, and ordered my boy Quaco to ascend the ladder, quite naked, which he did, and was not stung. I then ventured to follow; and I declare, upon my honour, that, even after shaking the nest, which made its inhabitants buzz about my ears, not a single bee attempted to sting me. I next released and rewarded the negro for the discovery. This swarm of bees I afterwards kept unhurt as my body-guard. They have made many overseers take a desperate leap for my amusement, as I generally sent them up my ladder upon some frivolous message, when I wished to punish them for injustice and cruelty to the negroes, which was not seldom.

The same negro assured me, that on his master's estate was an ancient tree in which had been lodged, ever since he could remember, a society of birds, and another of bees, who lived in the greatest harmony together. But should any strange birds come to disturb or feed upon the bees, they were instantly repulsed by their feathered allies; and if strange bees dared to venture near the birds' nests, the native swarm attacked the invaders, and stung them to death. He added, that his master's family had so much respect for the above association, that the tree was considered as sacred."

The senses of animals vary in acuteness; they are providentially adapted to the natural modes of obtaining existence. But it is not generally known that animals enjoy the pleasures of certain senses not less keenly than human beings. The fondness of the serpent for music has been celebrated and doubted from the earliest ages, but the snake-charmers of India have now verified the fact. Mr Swainson has himself proved that the lizards are eminent for their love of music :—

"The elegant little species commonly called the *Lacerta agilis*, although rare in Britain, is found in such abundance in the south of Europe, that hundreds on a fine sunny day may be seen in a single walk, basking on the stones and walls, or pursuing their search after insects. In Sicily and Malta they are particularly numerous, and very beautiful. The habit they have of turning the head on one side, and some vague recollection of a story in the *Arabian Nights* about an attentive lizard, first induced us to try what effect the humming of a song would have upon these creatures, and it was really most entertaining. The little reptile, instead of running away with its usual swiftness, would remain perfectly still, inclining its head on one side, as if to drink in every intonation. The softer and more plaintive was the tune, the more intense was the attention it evinced; and if a whistle was substituted for a hum, it would suffer itself to be approached so near, that any one unacquainted with its astonishing swiftness would fancy he could capture it with his hand. This curious fact, once discovered, often proved a source of much amusement. Often, after a long ramble spent in sketching or botanising, we used to repose in a shady spot among the rocks, and charm those pretty little creatures so successfully, that we have known them even to come out of their holes, and thus form a little audience. On such occasions they sometimes stand remarkably upright on their fore-legs, the hinder ones lying almost flat upon the ground; the same attitude they also assume when reconnoitring, but then the head is never turned on one side as if for the purpose of accurately hearing. The same experiments were frequently made upon the smaller lizards of Brazil, which more or less exhibited the same fondness for tunes."

In no part of natural history are mistakes more common than in what relates to the motions of animals. As we generally see them in one element, we are led to believe that they are confined to it. Indeed, "a fish out of water" has become quite a proverb. Mr Swainson has, however, collected some observations, which will require the aphorism to be received for the future with considerable limitations.

"To include walking on land and climbing up trees as among the actual motions of this class of animals (fishes), will no doubt surprise many of our readers; yet there are not wanting several fishes which perform these apparently unnatural feats. The frog fishes of the Asiatic islands and the southern hemisphere can not only live several days out of the water, but can crawl about the room in which they are confined; this latter facility originates from the great strength and the peculiar position of their pectoral fins, which thus perform the office of feet. The whole aspect of these grotesque-looking creatures, particularly in a walking position, is so much like that of

toads or frogs, that a careless observer would at first be at some loss to determine their real nature. The generality of the fresh-water eels, although from not possessing ventral fins they are unable to walk, yet they are well known to quit the water at certain seasons, and make their way over the grass to other ponds, at no great distance, for the purpose of seeking fresh habitations or depositing their spawn. Nearly all the Indian (*Epiplatys*) (fresh-water fishes, not unlike our sea mullet) crawl from tank to tank, or from ponds that are nearly dried up, to others which, by a wonderful and incomprehensible instinct, they seem to know to be full. Such an unusual circumstance as fish crawling on dry land, has naturally excited the superstitious Hindoos to believe that they fall from heaven. The *Perca scandens*, which belongs to the same natural tribe as the last (*Spirobranchia*, Sw.), quits the water, and ascends the roots and branches of the mangrove trees, an effort it accomplishes by using its ventral fins as little feet: it is not clear, however, what purpose it has particularly in view, in thus quitting an element it is obviously to inhabit; yet that these terrestrial expeditions are perfectly natural to them, is proved by the fact of the whole of this tribe having a particular organisation. By this a provision is made for retaining a sufficient quantity of water in the gills, in order to keep them in a state of moisture while the fish is out of water."

These motions are connected with the safety of the animal, but there are others indicating sport and enjoyment, which go far to rescue the account of "the butterfly's ball," which amused our childhood, from the regions of fable.

"Insects have also their notions of gaiety or sport; among these none seem to vie in their singularity with the choral dances which so many of the *Diptera* and some of the *Neuroptera* maintain in the air, in which, however, it has been observed that males alone are engaged.

"These dances are kept up at all seasons of the year, only that in winter they are confined to the robust *Tipulida* or gnats, which, however small, are often seen in a sunny day of December, when snow is on the ground, sporting as merrily as in the spring. Sometimes these insects look like moving columns, each individual rising and falling, in a vertical line, a certain space, and which will follow the passing traveller often intent upon other business, and all unconscious of his aerial companions for a considerable distance." Mr Kirby further remarks, "that the smallest *Tipulida* will fly unwetted in a heavy shower of rain, as I have often observed. How keen must be their sight, and how rapid their motions, to enable them to steer between drops bigger than their own bodies, which, if they fell upon them, must dash them to the ground!"

The little water beetles of the genus *Gyrinus*, so frequently seen on the surface of fresh-water ponds in a bright summer's day, are as joyous a race as their brethren the gnats. The rapidity with which they skim in undulatory circles is not less admirable than the precision with which they tread the mazes of the aquatic dance, so as never to encounter and seldom to touch each other. Their flattened and oar-shaped hind feet are peculiarly adapted for these exercises, and they continue their diversion for hours with unwearied gaiety."

The attitudes which insects assume to screen themselves from observation, are very remarkable. We shall quote a few of the less known instances.

"Many of the weevil beetles (*Circulimidos*), particularly those with short thick bodies, on the least appearance of danger gather themselves into a heap, bend their snout under the thorax, and fall to the ground from the plants on which they happen to be feeding. It is then vain to search for them, for the colours being perfectly matched to those of the ground, the keenest eye will be completely baffled. There is a genus of this family found in the sandy tracts of Africa and of Sicily, which, although large, is so exactly coloured like the sand, that few entomologists would distinguish the insect from the surrounding soil.

One of the most singular attitudes of this sort is that assumed by nearly all the onisciform types of annulose animals, and by many of those in the vertebrate circle; it is that of rolling themselves up in a perfectly spherical ball, like the common wood-louse. In this attitude, the legs, and all the softer parts of the body on the under side, are entirely covered and defended by the hard crust which forms the upper surface of the animal. Other insects endeavour to protect themselves from danger by feigning death. The common dung chafer (*Geotrupis stercorarius*), when touched, or in fear, sets out its legs as stiff as if they were made of iron wire—which is their position when dead—and remain perfectly motionless. The tree chafers elevate their posterior legs into the air, probably with the same view; while the *Scarabæus sacer*, and its allies, if our memory serves us right, pack their legs close to their bodies in the same manner as do the *Byrrhii* mentioned by Mr Kirby. The same author relates, from the scarce volumes of De Gier, the extraordinary perseverance with which the little beetle, named *Anobium pertinax* by Fabricius, persists in counterfeiting death. 'All that has been related of the heroic constancy of American savages, when taken and tortured by their enemies, scarcely comes up to that which these little creatures exhibit. You may maintain them, pull them limb from limb, roast them alive over a slow fire, but you will not gain your end—not a joint will they move, nor show by the least symptom that they suffer pain.' Many *Tenthredines*, or saw-flies, pack their antennæ and legs close together; and every one has witnessed the same remarkable habit in the majority of spiders."

Societies and associations of animals are not always the result of blind impulse; jackals unite to hunt in packs; birds form flocks to migrate; and in both cases the union is voluntary, for the jackals and birds are

often found singly. But there can be no doubt of the voluntary principle in associations formed for recreation, as in the case of rabbits, marmots, parrots, &c. The meetings of these animals for sport are adverted to by Mr Swainson; but we must pass on to notice a small finch-like bird called the *republican grass-beak*, found by the late Colonel Patterson in the interior of Africa, which actually combines with those of the same species to build aerial cities. Critics have long abused the old Greek comedian Aristophanes for his extravagant fiction of a city built in the air by the birds, but even his fiction is surpassed by the account of the winged republicans given by the colonel, which we extract in his own words.

"The method in which these birds fabricate their nests, is highly curious. In that of which I have given a plate, there could be no less than from eight hundred to a thousand residing under the same roof. I call it a roof, because it perfectly resembles that of a thatched house, and the ridge forms an angle so acute and so smooth, projecting over the entrance of the nest below, that it is impossible for any reptile to approach them. Their industry seems almost equal to that of the bee; throughout the day they appear to be busily employed in carrying a fine species of grass, which is the principal material they employ for the purpose of erecting this extraordinary work, as well as for additions and repairs. Though my short stay in the country was not sufficient to satisfy me by ocular proof that they added to their nest as they annually increased in numbers, still from the many trees which I have seen borne down by their weight, and others which I have observed with their boughs completely covered over, it would appear that this really was the case.

When the tree which is the support of this aerial is obliged to give way to the increase of weight, it is obvious they are no longer protected, and are under the necessity of rebuilding in other trees. One of these deserted nests I had the curiosity to break down so as to inform myself of its internal structure, and I found it equally ingenious with that of the external. There are many entrances, each of which forms a separate street, with nests on both sides, at about two inches distant from each other. The grass of which it is built is called the Boshman's grass, and I believe the seed of it to be their principal food, though on examining their nests I found the legs and wings of different insects. From every appearance, the nest which I dissected had been inhabited for many years, and some parts of it were much more complete than others. This, therefore, I conceive nearly to amount to a proof that they added to it at different times as they found necessary for the increase of the nation or community."

The grass-beaks associate for defence, but we find that the ants associate for war. This is too bad; war, so long deemed the proud prerogative of man, a luxury worthy of being purchased by everlasting debt, is enjoyed by the ants without any compensating burthen of taxation. They actually anticipated the most celebrated contrivance of Napoleon, for they dispense with a commissariat, and make the war pay its own expenses. The history of one of their battles is to the full as interesting as any bulletin ever issued by Napoleon, or any dispatch published in a London Gazette Extraordinary.

"Figure to yourself two or three of these ant cities, equal in size and population, and situated at about a hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires; the whole space which separates them for the space of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle: thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile fornicary.

The spot where the battle most rages, is about two or three square feet in dimensions; a penetrating odour exhales on all sides; numbers of ants are lying dead covered with venom; others, composing groups and chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in opposite directions. These groups are formed gradually: at first a pair of combatants seize each other, and rearing upon their hind legs, mutually squirt their acid; then closing, they fall, and wrestle in the dust; again recovering their feet, each endeavours to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succoured at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side till chains are formed of six, eight, or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and pertinaciously struggling for the mastery: the equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same nest arrive at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combat recommences.

At the approach of night, each party gradually retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn, the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till, violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored. In these engagements the combatants exhibit the greatest fury, being absorbed by one sole object, that of finding an enemy to attack. What is most wonderful in this history—though all are of the same make, colour, and scent—every ant seems to know those of its own party; and if by mistake one was attacked, it was immediately discovered by the assailant, and caresses succeeded blows.

Though all was fury and carnage in the space between the two nests, on the other side the paths were full of ants going to and fro on the ordinary business of the society as in times of peace, and the whole formicary exhibited an appearance of order and tranquillity, except that on the quarter leading to the field of battle; crowds might always be seen either marching to reinforce the army of their compatriots, or returning home with the prisoners they had taken, which, it is to be feared, are the devoted victims to a cannibal feast."

We might extend our views to the systems of emigration and colonisation adopted by the ants, and show that, like higher animals, they evince a haughty disregard for the rights of the aborigines; but we have given sufficient instances to show that animals the most mean and contemptible in vulgar eyes are endowed with qualities which have every semblance of reason. It remains only to point out the important distinction, which is at once most obvious and most satisfactory: there is no progress and no improvement in animals; a limit is set to the exercise of their faculties; nature has said to each, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but man has received from his Creator an impulse to an advancement whose final goal is placed beyond our ken; continued improvement is the law of his existence; the perfection of the animal is attained in this present life, but man presses forward to a higher destiny, feeling that intellectually and morally there is something beyond, higher and better than any thing which he has yet attained; that the full development of his powers is not possible in time, but demands eternity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AUTHORESS.

BY A. OPIE.

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN, BARON LOUGHBOROUGH AND EARL OF ROSSLYN.

As I have alluded to this nobleman in my recollections of Lady Roslyn, the wife of his successor, I am inclined to follow up that allusion by some reminiscences of the judge himself. I find, in a slight sketch of his life, that he was born in Scotland in 1733, educated at the University of Edinburgh, and called to the Scotch bar in 1754.* The next year he was entered at the Inner Temple. He began his public career as member for Richmond in Yorkshire, was made Solicitor-General in 1771, Attorney-General in 1778, created Baron Loughborough in 1780, and then raised to the bench as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

This distinguished man soon paid the usual penalty exacted from the prosperous, as he became a mark for satire and detraction; and though he was reputed to have shown great mildness and moderation while he held the difficult and invidious office of Attorney-General, he was charged with being fond of convicting capital when he became a judge. Whether this charge was true or not, I am not able to decide, but I trust that there are few judges of the present day who can be said with truth to delight in inflicting capital punishment. But the severest blow to his character was inflicted by Churchill in his poem of the Rosciad—as by

"A pert, prim prater of the Northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,"

he meant to designate Alexander Wedderburne. I conclude, that, when Attorney-General, he had been concerned in the prosecution of Wilkes, the friend of Churchill, and thence the bitter animosity which these lines portray. But whether the poet had just ground or not for thus attacking Lord Loughborough, I was particularly desirous to see him when I heard he was come to N— to preside at our assizes, and with Churchill's portrait of him "in my mind's eye," I eagerly repaired to the Nisi Prius Court, to compare it with the original. But I saw neither "pertness," "primness," nor "famine," in the face before me. Of what "guilt" might lie in the heart of the accused, I could not judge; but now, when I daily see that even good men are led by political differences, and their result, personal hatred, to accuse and vilify their fellow creatures, I am inclined to hope that the guilt imputed to Lord Loughborough was the creature of the poet's rancorous revenge and his political dislike. However, I soon forgot Churchill's opinion in my eagerness to form my own of the interesting man I came to see; and I thought his appearance so singular, yet so distinguished, that he would have attracted and fixed my attention had I known nothing of his previous character.

I never saw a human face so much resembling a parrot as his was. The nose appeared to me like a beak, and the nostril was cut up like the beak of a parrot. The ball of the eye was very large and prominent, but the eyes themselves were so dark, bright, expressive, and intellectual, that I soon ceased to remember or notice any other of the features.

It was not long before I procured a seat on the bench beside the judge; and in the course of the morning I had the pleasure of hearing him converse, for Windham of Tulbrigg, who was then member for N—, came to pay his respects to him; and I was much gratified in remarking the flashing of their fine intelligent eyes, as, leaning across me, they talked together on interesting subjects.

This was a higher gratification to me than any thing I had as yet heard that morning; for it was always one of my greatest pleasures to see and hear Mr Windham, and now I was certainly hearing him to peculiar advantage. I was therefore sorry when he withdrew, and left the judge to resume his legal duties; but those duties soon became so interesting to me, that I had no remaining regret.

A young clergyman in the county had allowed passion, and a supposed sense of injury, to master him so completely, that in a public ball-room he pulled a gentleman by the nose; and the person assaulted was now about to seek legal reparation, and the moment was arrived. I was very attentive to what passed below me, but equally engaged in watching its effect on the speaking countenance of the judge, in which I fancied that I saw condemnation of the folly of bringing such an action. At length a witness was called to prove the assault. He was a tall, thin, sallow man, much respected in his neighbourhood, but he had a precise, slow, formal manner of speaking, very trying in a witness-box. However, the judge was patient, and evidently much diverted by the manner and matter of the witness. "But to the point, sir," cried the less patient examiner. "Did you see the assault or not?" "Yes, I did," he replied; "I was standing by the dance when Mr B— drew near. He placed himself opposite to Mr L—, at perhaps twelve paces, or so, distant from him. He then put his hand to his head, and leaned his elbow on his other hand—thus. He seemed for some minutes, but I cannot say how many, absorbed in thought; I might say, in intense thinking; when, suddenly, he sprang forward, and pulled Mr L— by the nose."

Universal laughter followed this testimony, which, though checked immediately by the call of silence, was renewed, when the judge, casting a satirical glance around, observed, in a loud voice, "The most singular result of intense thinking that I ever remember!" and the corner of his mouth still moved with internal laughter, even when he had resumed the listening attitude of the judge. In the meanwhile, I was delighted to find that a judge could laugh, in direct contradiction to the old saying "as grave as a judge." Little did I then foresee that in after years from that period, the same judge would have been led to excite as universal a laugh in the Court of Chancery, of which I was the original cause. Soon after these assizes he was made Lord Chancellor, and an application came before him, in which I was interested. A little ballad of mine, called "the Orphan Boy," which I had written for one composer, and therefore had made it his sole property, was set to music and published by another; and my friend applied to the Chancellor to grant an injunction, to forbid the rival composer from selling what he had set. The counsel for the contending parties had been warm and long in debate, when the Chancellor, assuming, I doubt not, the meaning satirical look which I had seen and enjoyed on another occasion, begged leave to ask whether it would not be better, and certainly it would be more amusing, if each composer was to sing his own song in court! This proposal excited a general burst of laughter; and as it was deemed an evidence that the judge was fatigued, it brought the business to a speedier decision, which was in favour of my friend, and the injunction was granted.

Soon after, Lord Loughborough was created Earl of Roslyn, but his infirmities increased so rapidly, that he died suddenly of apoplexy in 1805, and was buried in St Paul's Cathedral.

As he was supposed by many to have been the author of the Letters of Junius, no mean opinion could have been entertained of his abilities, as it was a compliment to the head of any man to be supposed capable of writing so well, though it was any thing but a compliment to his heart. But I believe there is no te-

nable ground for supposing that he wrote these celebrated letters.

He certainly wrote, in 1793, a pamphlet on the state of prisons in England, and the means of improving them—a proof that he was anxious to mitigate the sufferings even of his erring fellow-creatures, and was therefore more deserving of esteem than if he had been the writer of a political work as much distinguished for bitterness of invective as for brilliancy of wit, and with this observation I shall conclude my recollections of the Earl of Roslyn.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

STORY OF AN OLD WIFE—MERCANTILE INGENUITY—HOW CAPITAL IS FORMED.

What follows is an extract from a letter addressed by a lady, now residing in a large provincial town in Scotland, to her niece in Edinburgh, the latter being merely a child. Though intended only to amuse a little girl and her young companions, it seems to us calculated to give pleasure, and convey instruction, to a wider circle. The simple language of the original is retained, as the best that could be employed on the occasion:—

"Mr —, who takes charge of the savings' bank here, was very much pleased with an old wife, who came regularly every Saturday night and deposited a little sum. This careful decent wife earned her bread by making jib, or what is sometimes called black man, but is here called toffy; so her name was Toffy Betty. Well, Betty came regularly till she had fifty pounds in the bank, so that Mr — was quite pleased with her, and one night he inquired how she contrived to save so much money. Betty told him that she made toffy, and sold it to the school-boys, and she always tried to save a little every week. At one time she got a rival in her business. Another woman, who saw that she was thriving in trade, opened a shop for jib just opposite to her; and she thought that she would have been ruined. But what do you think poor old Betty did? She bought a hobby-horse at a sale; and every boy who came to buy, got a ride upon the hobby-horse, and Betty's door was always crowded when the schools came out; and she made between four and five hundred pounds, and built a house, and now lives in it, and keeps a grocer's shop."

THE CHEAP POSTAGE.

A letter which one of the editors of this paper received from a gentleman who resides in the Highlands, soon after the commencement of the *fourpenny post*, contained the following passage:—"I quite enter into your feelings with regard to the great boon granted in the reduction of postage. It is a blessing which we can hardly conceive to the thousands who, till now, have been totally excluded from any intercourse with their distant friends. It is not at all unfrequent for the poor people in this country to ask for some means of 'buying a letter out of the post-office,' which has been waiting there perhaps for weeks. The cost of a letter from England or elsewhere (one shilling or one and sixpence), from some of the friends of the labouring classes, has acted as an absolute prohibition of all intercourse between them." An illustration like this is fit to downweigh whole articles in wrong-headed reviews, written by gentlemen skilled to "make the worse appear the better reason."

WHAT IS THE PRACTICAL GOOD OF SCIENCE?

The common mind is little qualified to trace science to its results in the promotion of human happiness. In the following case, however, the benefit is so direct, that the simplest may comprehend:—

"On the occasion of a recent visit to the metropolis (Dublin), we had an opportunity of seeing and learning the particulars of one of those extraordinary proofs of the resources of medical, or rather surgical science, which, both in these countries and on the continent, have of late years surprised and gratified mankind, and which are among the best and noblest triumphs of the art. The case to which we refer is that of a child then, and probably still, in St Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green; and the particulars, as stated to us by a non-professional gentleman, by whom we were accompanied, and who had taken great interest in the case from the commencement, were as follow:—The wretched infant, the child of poor parents in the neighbourhood of Cabinteely, was the subject of one of those hideous malformations with which it occasionally pleases Providence to afflict and disfigure humanity, and which in the present case was what is usually termed 'pig's face.' In this instance nature had failed to make either a front to the mouth or a bottom to the nose, and in the stead there projected a kind of proboscis or snout, like that of a pig, with two teeth pointing outwards from its end. The wretched child, as soon as it was able to make an effort to feed itself (for it never sucked), was in the habit of thrusting its arm, up to the elbow, into the hideous cavity in the lower part of the face, in order to place its foot within the passage to the stomach. The feelings of aversion with which the miserable creature was regarded by their neighbours rendered the condition of the unfortunate parents most wretched, until at length the poor mother, sick of its constant presence and monstrous appearance, brought it to the hospital, declaring she would be quite resigned to the result of any operation, however hazardous to its life, if there were any chance of render-

* [A kind of tablet made by boiling treacle or coarse sugar.]

* [He was rapidly gaining ground as a junior counsel, when an accident put a sudden stop to his practice in his native courts. He had gained the cause of a client in opposition to the celebrated Lockhart, when the defeated veteran, unable to conceal his chagrin, took occasion from something in the manner of Mr Wedderburne to call him 'a presumptuous boy.' The sarcastic severity of the young barrister's reply drew upon him so illiberal a rebuke from one of the judges, that he immediately unrobed, and, bowing to the court, declared that he would never more plead where he was subjected to insult, but would seek a wider field for his professional exertions. He accordingly removed to London, and enrolled himself a member of the Inner Temple."—*Scottish Biographical Dictionary*. It was Wedderburne who gave George III. the courageous advice to call in the troops for the suppression of the London riots of 1790.—*Ed.*]

ing its appearance less miserable and disgusting. The child was in consequence admitted into the hospital, where, under the most discouraging circumstances, an operation was planned and performed by its distinguished chief surgeon, Mr Ferrall. We are of course unable to give any professional detail of the proceeding, but, incredible as it may appear, all the natural deficiencies of feature were under this gentleman's skilful management supplied from the flesh of the adjacent parts, and the infant, at the time to which we refer, when it was little more than a year old, already exhibited the appearance of perfect health and of a well-formed face. When the child was first seen by the parents after the decided success of the operation, it would, as we were assured, be quite impossible to describe the excessive joy of the poor mother, as on her knees she presented to the anxious father the altered infant, now become a really well-looking and comely child. Such, we repeat, are among the best and noblest triumphs of the profession."—*Leinster Independent*.

THE ALEXANDRINE COLUMN OF ST PETERSBURGH.

THE Alexandrine Column, or monumental pillar erected by the Russian czar, Nicholas, in honour of his brother Alexander, is one of the most magnificent objects of its kind in modern times. Like the power and empire of Russia itself, the Alexandrine column is, in conception and execution, massive and colossal, and impressive to the mind and eye from mere material bulk. The various processes attending its erection form a very remarkable history, interesting from the difficulties, foreseen and unforeseen, which stood in the way, and which were successively overcome by the patience and skill of the architect and his assistants. The architect himself, M. de Montferand, a Frenchman by birth, has left such a history behind him. We translate, for the entertainment of our readers, some of the most important passages in this narrative.

The Alexandrine Column is a monolith, or formed of a single stone. It is a fine species of granite, capable of taking on a beautiful polish, and of a red colour, being also exceedingly durable. The column, which is circular, and sculptured, generally speaking, after the Doric style, measures twelve feet in its greatest diameter, and eighty-four feet in height. It is thus twelve feet higher than the obelisk of Luxor, one of the finest ancient erections of this character, and it weighs thrice as much as the same Egyptian pillar. The Alexandrine Column was cut from the quarries of Pytterlaxe, in the neighbourhood of St Petersburg, in the year 1831. These quarries are situated no great way from the shores of the waters enveloping that region and the Russian capital. While the stone was in the course of being excavated, a vessel was also in preparation for the conveyance of its enormous mass from its native site to that chosen for it in St Petersburg. This vessel was broad and flat-bottomed, one hundred and forty-seven feet long, and calculated to draw only about seven feet of water under a weight of two million six hundred thousand pounds,* a weight considerably exceeding that of the monolithic shaft. With a greater draught, it could not have traversed the numerous shallows in the line of its intended course. On the 5th of June 1832, this vessel, in itself a work of huge bulk, was brought to anchor near to the quarries of Pytterlaxe.

Preparations on a vast scale had been previously made for the embarkation of the columnar shaft. A mole or causeway had been carried into the sea to the length of thirty fathoms, forming in itself a goodly pier, and requiring considerable labour. It was raised upon stakes, driven into the sea-bed, and consisted of strong interlaced or crossing beams, the interspaces of which were filled with stones. At the end of this mole, a transverse embankment was formed, and by the side of this, or rather inside of it, the vessel was moored. It was necessary, however, first to deepen the channel by two feet, in order to admit of the free passage of the vessel. On the transverse mole were placed the capstans by which the embarkation was to be effected. By land, preparations on an equally large scale were made in the meantime. In order to advance the column from the spot where it had been formed, it was necessary to clear the intermediate ground, about a hundred yards in extent, and very rocky and uneven. The exploding, cutting, and smoothing required for this purpose, was in itself a great work. When a pathway had thus been made, the stone was slowly raised by the action of eight powerful capstans, and propelled a little way, rolling over and over breadthways. The greater diameter of one end made this a difficult process, for the narrow end, rolling over less space, necessarily fell behind. A peculiar application of the capstans, with the assistance of strong iron wedges, was required to bring it forward to a straight line. After four hundred men had laboured at the task for fifteen days, without any intermission, the column was at length placed at the end of the mole, in a direction parallel with the sides of the vessel upon which it was to be lodged.

The column now lay transversely upon twenty-eight beams, thirty-five feet long, and two feet square, the end of which passed from the mole to the vessel, or

at least over it, and which were intended to bow down to the vessel at a very gentle slope, as the column descended to the vessel. On the 19th of June, at four in the morning, all was ready for the embarkation of the column. Ten capstans, placed on the transverse mole already spoken of, began, at a given signal, to act upon the massive freight; while sixty workmen were placed at the cables which aided in the operation, and also in keeping the ship in its place. The column was set in motion; every thing went on well and securely; it had just touched the sides of the vessel, when, in a moment, an accident occurred which threw all into consternation. The beams upon which the column rested in its passage, cracked; the alarmed workmen fled; and the column, breaking at once through the whole of the supporting beams, fell with a terrible crash among their fragments, having one end in the boat and the other sunk deep in the bed of the sea.

It was some time before the architect and his workmen could look about them. When they did so, it was gratifying to discover that not one life had been lost, notwithstanding the numbers about the spot at the moment. Without delay, the superintendent of the embarkation commenced to remedy the evil. In consequence of the weight falling obliquely on it, the vessel was turned over sideways, and partly forced into the clayey bed of the sea. The whole power of the machinery was applied to raise the column to a fair and proper position on the vessel. The 400 fatigued labourers could not have accomplished this alone, but it chanced that some visitors of distinction had arrived from St Petersburg to witness the operations, and one of these took it upon him to order in the immediate assistance of 600 soldiers from a garrison near the spot. With this reinforcement, after forty-eight hours of almost incredible toil, the column was safely raised, and laid straight upon the vessel. The latter machine, to the delight of all, floated lightly and easily with its burden.

On the 1st of July, after four days' slow sail in the Gulf of Finland, the vessel was safely towed into the required place in the harbour of St Petersburg. The column and its vessel were now visited by immense crowds, the grantees and royal family of the country among the number. The next operation was to convey the stone to land. For this purpose, a new work of great strength, inclined in its shape, had to be constructed, into the particulars of which it is needless to enter. Suffice it to say, that on the 12th of July the debarkation of the monolith took place. A great crowd had assembled to witness it. The emperor and empress appeared on the scene. The signal was given, and the importance of the operation may be guessed by the fact that all the workmen fell involuntarily and simultaneously on their knees before venturing on the task, and prayed for its success. Fourteen capstans were set in action to move the column, while six were devoted to the keeping of the vessel, otherwise bound also, in its place. The result was fortunate. Slowly, and amid profound silence, the column began to move, and in ten minutes, without accident, it was safely brought to a spot beneath the window of the palace, whence the empress had beheld the scene.

An inclined plane was now to be made, to bring it up to the level of the spot, where its pedestal was erected, in the centre of a square; and 600 carpenters addressed themselves to this task. The inclined plane was 490 feet long, and 100 feet in breadth, and, at its greatest elevation, rose to thirty-five feet. The same difficulty which obstructed the rolling of the column to the water, impeded its progress up this plane. This was the inequality in thickness, and it was always necessary, when the thick end of the column got in advance, to make it pause and revolve upon itself till the lesser end was brought forward also. After a time, the inclination was safely surmounted, without any accident happening to the wood-work. Before the passage of the inclined plane, it ought to be mentioned, workmen, to the number of 150, were busied in giving the finish to the figure of the column. When he had brought it to the top of the plane, the architect then prepared a car for its transportation along the horizontal space which still lay between it and the proposed site. This car was in two pieces, and in all eighty-two feet long by eleven in breadth. It had seventy-two cast-iron wheels, and was composed of metal-bound beams. By means of this machine, the column was securely moved to the necessary spot.

Perhaps the hardest task of all now commenced. This was the conception and erection of the great scaffolding by means of which this immense mass of stone was to be safely lodged on its pedestal, there to remain till time should work its fall. This scaffolding, we shall only say, was 154 feet high, and partly composed of mason-work, and partly of wood. The mason-work formed an inferior platform, and on this sixty capstans of great power were placed for the raising of the column. Each of these machines, with the appendages belonging to it, was first tried, and found to resist a weight of 60,000 pounds. The corresponding ropes were made by machinery, each rope containing 522 threads of hemp, so strong that every thread sustained singly a weight of 180 pounds. With such preparations, the placing of the column could not fail to be successful. Yet the architect took the precaution to try all his apparatus more fully, by raising the column twenty feet in the air, and then

replacing it, previously to the final attempt at fixing it in its site.

The architect, in the beginning of September, brought his work safely to a conclusion, placing it on its pedestal amid the acclamations of the Russian people. A statue was afterwards placed on the top of it, and the Alexandrine Column now stands in the northern capital, a credit to the nation and to its erectors. As a monolithic pillar, it has no equal among the erections of modern times.

LETTER OF AN AUSTRALIAN SETTLER.

ANY thing beyond common experiences which children see for the first time, never fails to make a permanent impression upon them. I [the reader must understand that one of the editors of this paper now speaks in his proper person] can never forget the first time I beheld a scientific instrument used. It was a theodolite belonging to a gentleman who was taking levels along the vale of Tweed, with a view to the construction of a railway between Glasgow and Berwick—a work which never was commenced. This was in the early days of railways, about the year 1810 or 1811, when they were not so readily entered upon as they are now. Mr K—, a land-surveyor settled in Roxburghshire, had been employed to make the necessary surveys through Peeblesshire, and when he came, in the course of his operations, to the little sequestered town in which I spent my first years, he became acquainted with my father, who was then almost singular in the place for a love of science; a feeling which he early imparted to myself, along with much valuable instruction. At his request, our surveying friend erected his theodolite in the street, and explained its uses to my brother and myself, to our infinite pleasure, and with the effect of awakening in our minds a reverence for the instruments of exact science, and indelibly impressing upon us a pleasing recollection of the kind demonstrator himself.

I am tempted to mention these circumstances, in order to give the greater assurance of the genuineness of a very interesting letter, which it has been thought worth while to communicate to the public in this sheet. Having lost much capital in farming in his native county, Mr K— emigrated in 1824, with a number of sons and daughters, to New South Wales, where, his scientific acquirements having recommended him to the friendship of the governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, he very quickly found himself settled in an agreeable and lucrative situation on the Emu Plains. The letter in question is one written by Mr K—, at his settlement of Cardross, Goulburn, on the 5th of July 1839; the object of which was to acquaint one of his sons, who still resides in this country, with his present circumstances. It was of course not meant for publication; but as it possesses a general interest, as an account of the career and present situation of a prosperous emigrant, it is here, with the permission of his friends, laid before the public:—

"We [Mr K— and one of his sons named James] have been striving very hard for the last twelve years, and vesting what money we could realise in the purchase of land and live stock. We have now as much stock as is required for the foundation of a splendid fortune for those I leave behind; and in regard to land, we have abundance, and I only wish to obtain 850 acres more, to render my establishment on the sea-coast one of the most perfect in the colony: this must fetch a high price at auction, still it is worth double to me that it would be to any other purchaser.

Our different estates at present stand as follow:—to wit, 1st, Cardross, where I now reside, contains 2000 acres, with 200 acres in cultivation; my grant.—2d, Cardross Grange, adjoining the above, contains 1000 acres, with 100 acres in cultivation; a purchase.—3d, Maxton, on opposite side of Wolondilly, contains 2000 acres, with 200 acres in cultivation; grant to James.—4th, Strathallen, adjoining on east, late Howey's, contains 960 acres, with 150 acres in cultivation; a purchase, 1000 guineas.—5th, Raine Ville, on Fish River, near Bathurst, contains 2000 acres, with 200 acres in cultivation; a purchase.—6th, St Boswell's adjoining, and east from the last lot, contains 1221 acres, with 70 acres in cultivation; a purchase.—7th, Mount Jervis, on Jervis's Bay, twelve hours' sail from Sydney, contains 2560 acres; just commenced improvements.—Total, 11,741 acres. On Cardross we have a post wind-mill, fine garden and vineyard of 2 acres, the scenery and surface soft and undulating, and 800 acres of rich land might be cultivated without removing a tree.

I intend making Mount Jervis my principal residence. James and the captain [another son] have been there since February, busy in clearing and inclosing a fine park and policy of 150 acres, with vineyards and orangery of 5 acres, paddocks for tobacco, maize, hops, &c. &c., and laying the foundation of an observatory on the exact parallel of 35 degrees south latitude, and 150 degrees 50 minutes of longitude east from Greenwich. This estate commands thirty miles of sea-coast, namely, fifteen miles on the Pacific Ocean, and fifteen miles on Jervis's Bay, which is perhaps the finest harbour in her majesty's dominions, where the whole British navy may find anchorage and ride in safety from every wind. The site of the mansion cannot be excelled in grandeur by any place I ever saw. There is a natural port, called Bunda by the natives, just under my windows, at a quarter of a mile's distance, where vessels of 200 tons anchor within a cable's length of the shore. The bay and coast abound with fish of every delicacy and variety—oysters, both rock

* As this is translated from the French, it is probable that the weights and measures mentioned are French, which differ a little from the British.

and mud, schnapper, mullet, bream, whiting, and a thousand other varieties. You may often see half a dozen whales spouting about in the bay in the calving season. Part of my northern boundary is formed by an extensive and picturesque lagoon or lake, two and a half by one and a half miles in extent, which abounds with wild geese, ducks, black swans, pelicans, &c. &c., swimming about in vast numbers, also plenty of mullet, perch, and bream. Whatever we want for breakfast or dinner is brought in by the black fellows absolutely in loads. We have the chief or king (Wagany), and his two black queens or *jins*, always with us, who have their camp just beside us; he can command the services of a dozen more of his tribe when they are wanted to shoot, fish, strip bark, or go in their canoes messages for many miles by sea; they are the most faithful, gentle, and useful blacks I ever met with. King Wagany has been a whaling in the Pacific, has been at New Zealand, Hobart Town, and other places, and speaks English very correctly. They have their slops and rations of flour, tobacco, tea, and sugar, served out to them by us every day, and government furnishes each of them a blanket every winter. Their value to us in catering, fishing, &c., is worth double their rations. Their accuracy in shooting and throwing the spear cannot be surpassed. They bring in a kangaroo for soup whenever wanted. Wagany is a most portly figure as he walks about armed with his double-barrelled musket, shot belt, and powder flask, with my two noble kangaroo dogs Camp and Tweedo following along, with the two jins carrying his tomahawk, boomerang, fishing lines, and spears; he has generally a bark canoe ready for launching in every creek and inlet.

Now for our live stock. We have 1000 head of horned cattle, depasturing on land rented from government at Boorowy, about 150 miles west from this; 150 head at home here; 350 head at Jervia's Bay; being 1500 head in all, of cows, heifers, bullocks, and steers of a fine breed. One of my grass-fed bullocks, Strawberry, five years old, was slaughtered at Sydney in 1835, and weighed 1470 pounds, sinking the offal. His picture, in oil, was drawn by Mr Hippkiss, and presented by your brother William to a gentleman in Van Diemen's Land.

Our sheep stock at the different stations amounts in whole to 5500, all Merinoes and fine woolled. My last clip, 14,000 pounds, sold in Sydney at 1s. 8d. per pound, and brought me £1166, payable in three and six months after delivery. Our cattle profits bring nearly as much more. We employ 20 shepherds and watchmen, 3 overseers, 3 gardeners, 15 farming men, 1 blacksmith, 1 carpenter and wheelwright, 2 brick-layers, 2 grooms, and 2 house-servants, being 49 in all; of whom 7 are free, and the remainder prisoners or ticket-of-leave holders. The expenses are enormous, besides what we lose by pilfering and stealing; but the annual *female* increase of our sheep, horns, and horned stock, which we never sell, helps well. Each man has a weekly ration of 9 pounds of beef or mutton, 10 pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of tea, 2 pounds of sugar, 1 ounce of tobacco, and 2 ounces of soap, with two full suits of slops every year. Thank God, we have got on hitherto without ever allowing ourselves to borrow or run into debt, and we have £1000 vested in bank shares, which yield a dividend yearly of 16½ per cent."

Such have been the felicitous consequences attending the step which Mr K— was induced to take about fifteen years before the date of his letter. It only remains that we caution our readers against receiving the history of this gentleman as any thing more than a single fact. He has been prosperous; but we do not know how far he may have been so in consequence of his own particular talents and cast of mind, of his family circumstances, or of good fortune. Similar prosperity might befall others; but it cannot be expected to be the fate of all.

NATIONAL ADVANCEMENT BY A PROPER USE OF MEANS.

THE following valuable paper is extracted from a pamphlet recently published (Blackwood, Edinburgh) under the title of the "Ninth Annual Report of the Proceedings of the Glenkens Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes." The Glenkens Society, to which we have already often referred, and it has the merit, too rarely allied with benevolence, of doing good by right methods, its great aim being to direct and encourage the humbler classes to do good to themselves, and that simply by making a proper use of the means which Providence has placed within their power. The report is the composition of Mr Grierson of Garroch, the society's secretary, to whom it does great credit:—

"All are agreed regarding the leading points in physical science. They have been ascertained by diligent observation and careful experiment, and no room has been left for doubt. But if we turn from these subjects to the investigations which have been undertaken with the view of improving the condition of the mass of mankind, nothing can be more striking than the contrast. Here philosophers of the highest name have arrived at conclusions directly at variance with one another, and in some instances not a little astounding to the common sense of plain men. Is there no rule, then, to direct us in this matter? We see different communities, in circumstances apparently altogether similar, possessed of very different degrees of comfort; and we see differences equally great in the situation of the inhabitants of the same country at different periods of their history. May the probable causes of these differences not be discovered, and suggest what ought to be sought and what avoided, and may the actual truth not be ascertained in this as in other matters, by experiment? The statistical

reports of the Scottish parishes which were completed about fifty years ago, and are again in course of publication, furnish excellent materials for such an inquiry; and what are the changes which they exhibit?

In the first place, it may be observed, that since 1791 the wages of agricultural labour have undergone a rise of from 50 to 100 per cent. At that period, from 8d. to 1s. per day was about the average summer wages of a country labourer, out of which he had to provide himself with every thing. The summer wages of the same class at present run from 1s. 6d. to 2s. In some counties they are a little higher, and in others a little lower, but these rates may be considered a fair average. The wages of the manufacturing classes are in general much higher than those of agriculturists; and manufactures, which in 1791 were in their infancy, now employ a large portion of the population. The wages of tradesmen have also undergone a similar rise. While the whole of our industrious classes are thus receiving much greater wages per day than their predecessors in 1791, their employment has become much more constant, and the wages earned by each individual in the course of the year have risen in a much higher proportion. No less remarkable an improvement has taken place in the pecuniary circumstances of their employers. Many, in fact, of our most respectable commercial men, have, much to their credit, raised themselves from the humble rank of operative tradesmen to the possession of splendid fortunes; and the land rentals of the country have in many cases tripled and quadrupled, and scarcely any where less than doubled.

If we look again at the articles of necessary consumption which must be purchased, we find the present average price of oatmeal, potatoes, and wheat, little if at all different from their prices in 1791; every article of dress is both much cheaper and much better; and many foreign products, which at that period were within the reach of few, are no longer esteemed luxuries, but so much reduced in price as to be enjoyed by all; yet, with these low prices, our merchants and manufacturers have made their fortunes, and our farmers, notwithstanding the high rents and high wages paid by them, and the comparatively low prices which they receive, are in much better pecuniary circumstances than in 1791. So much for the food and clothing of the population at these two periods.

The rents paid for lodging do not admit of being compared in the same way, the accommodation being entirely different. But we can be at no loss to perceive that in this respect even a more wonderful change has taken place for the better. We have before our eyes some of the town-houses occupied, at the former period, by people of the highest distinction; these houses are now possessed by persons in a very humble rank, not a few of them by beggars; while, in the same towns, families in very moderate circumstances are in possession of houses greatly superior to what they ever were. The country-houses of the higher orders have been either entirely built or altogether renovated within that period. In many counties new steadings have been erected almost on every farm, superior to the former mansions of the proprietors; and the accommodation of the cottars, though still very inferior to what we could wish, is now greatly better than most of the farm-houses of that period. There can be no doubt, then, that all classes are now infinitely better fed, clothed, and lodged, than the population of 1791. The consequences are apparent in their improved health. Ague and many other complaints then prevalent have either disappeared or become greatly mitigated, and there is scarcely a parish which does not lay claim to great salubrity of climate, and adduce in proof the longevity of its inhabitants. Many of the reporters state that morals and religion have advanced along with these physical improvements, and almost all declare that in these respects their flocks are deserving of commendation. Indeed, the solemn stillness of a Scottish Sabbath, and the almost total absence of military from the country, would attest the high moral and religious character of the nation to a stranger unacquainted with the language.

Whence this astonishing improvement? Certainly it has not arisen from the adoption of Godwin's principles of political justice, for they have been entirely forgotten. Neither can we derive any aid from Malthus in answering this question, for although the country has had the benefit of his theory for the greater part of that time, all his cautions have no way retarded the progress of population. In 1755, the population of Scotland was 1,255,663, and in the thirty-six years which expired in 1791, it had only advanced to 1,514,999, being an increase of 259,336. But in the succeeding thirty years which expired in 1821, it had become 2,093,456, showing a rise of 578,457, considerably more than double that which had occurred in the preceding thirty-six years. In the next ten years, ending in 1831, it had increased to 2,365,807, the addition in that period being 272,351, considerably beyond the increase in the whole thirty-six years from 1755; and, since 1831, the progress of population has certainly not been less. Yet, rapid as its progress has been during the whole period from 1791 down to the present time, contrary to all the prognostications of Malthus, the increase of the means of subsistence has been greatly more rapid still.

The general opinion is, that this prodigious improvement can be ascribed to nothing but a better use of the gifts of Providence. The country is the same now

as it was in 1791; the materials which it contains are the same. The sole difference consists in the uses to which they are applied. In the first place, the present generation possess much more intelligence; education is both more general and better conducted, and parish libraries, and private collections of the best authors, every where afford the means of obtaining information on all subjects. This enlargement of mind has led to better arrangements in every department of business; banishing superstition, it has diffused more correct views of the solemn truths and duties of religion, and it has withdrawn our countrymen from the gross and expensive indulgences of former times, to cheaper and more refined recreations. In the second place, our tradesmen have become much more dexterous at their different occupations. They are not only more rapid, but they are enabled to execute works to which their predecessors were altogether unequal. In the third place, they are more industrious; many no doubt are still subject to indolent habits, but, generally speaking, there is much less time now thrown away in absolute idleness than at the former period. To all this must be added, that our countrymen have not been wanting in economy. The capital of the country has very much increased. It is from the savings of individuals that this increase has arisen, and the growth of Savings' Banks is a proof that these economical habits reach to a very humble class.

These causes combined are quite sufficient in our opinion to account for the very great increase which has taken place in the produce of the country, and the general comforts of its inhabitants. With the machinery furnished by the skill, dexterity, and industry of modern tradesmen, from the capital thus accumulated, one man is enabled to throw off as much cotton thread as two hundred could produce sixty years ago. Weaving, bleaching, printing, have made similar progress. Hence the low price of all kinds of cotton fabrics, and hence, too, the multitude supported by that branch of manufacture. The same may be said of all our other manufactures. Agricultural machinery may not be as yet quite so perfect, but the improvement of all the arts connected with agriculture has been very great, and the works which have been executed in that period have been wonderful. Great part of the land has been divided and fenced—much of what was waste has been reclaimed—the best implements of husbandry in the world have been introduced—ploughing has been brought to perfection—the proper succession of crops has been carefully studied, and in the opinion of Mr Dudgeon, since 1784, by a mere change in the rotation, the produce has in many places been increased tenfold—almost universally the thrashing-machine has superseded the imperfect and expensive mode of separating the grain by hand-labour—and, finally, the live stock of the country has completely changed its character. As we are indebted for all this to the improved intelligence, dexterity, industry, and increased capital of our countrymen, so are we also for our improved lodging, and improved means of transit by common roads, steam-boats, and railroads, which have made it an easy matter for districts the most remote to exchange their surplus produce, and to command the luxuries of the most distant climes.

If the remarkable improvement which has taken place in the circumstances of the great body of the people is sufficiently accounted for by their improved use of the materials afforded by Providence, we believe that the misery which is still to be found in some districts may, with equal certainty, be traced to the neglect or misuse of means quite as well adapted to the supply of their wants, and many have little idea to what extent this negligence prevails.

The reports from the Lewis [an island of the Hebrides] state that the huts of the peasantry are 'in general indescribably filthy. There is only an annual sweeping of their houses. The people and cattle are under the same roof, and on the same area. Very few of the country dwellings have a single pane of glass. There is one hole in the roof to allow the excess of smoke to escape, and another on the top of the wall; the latter at night, or during a storm through the day, being stopped with a wisp. * * Wood is so scarce and so dear that it cannot be had in sufficient quantity to make a good roof. * * The roofs have no eaves. The thatch in general is made of stubble or potato stalks, which are spread on the scanty wooden roof, and bound by heather or straw ropes, which again are at each side of the roof fastened by stones, called anchors, resting on the top of the broad wall. On this wall it is no unusual sight to see sheep and calves feeding, and making a short passage into the byre through the roof. The doors of the houses are so low, that whoever would gain admittance must humble himself, and continue in that posture till he reach the fire, which is always in the middle of the floor, and very often he must grope his way, or be led by the hand. From the slowness of the wooden rafters, much straw or stubble cannot be laid for thatch, but just sufficient to exclude the daylight. The thatch is not expected at first to keep out much rain until it is properly saturated with soot, but to compensate for this defect, the inmates are practical chemists; they keep plenty of peats on the fire; the interior is soon filled with smoke; the smoke and increasing heat repel the rain, for a great proportion of what falls on the roof is returned to the atmosphere by evaporation. These houses after a smart shower appear like so many salt-pans or brew-houses in operation."

This account is said to apply very generally to the

habitations of the whole of the small farmers. Good management of any kind is not to be expected from people whose domestic habits are so barbarous. They depend upon the produce of the place for almost every thing. Even their clothing is almost exclusively of their own manufacture. Their time, when occupied at all, is devoted indiscriminately to the mixed avocations of husbandry, fishing, kelp-making, grazing, &c. Their agriculture is wretched. "The women are miserable slaves; they do the work of brutes, carry the manure in creels on their backs from the byre to the field, and use their fingers as a five-pronged grape to fill them. The thatch of the houses saturated by the smoke with sooty particles is considered valuable, for every summer the roof is stripped, and the inner layer of straw, which contains the soot, is carried carefully to the potato or barley field, and strewn on the crop. Small tenants and cottars generally till the ground by the Chinese plough of one stilt or handle, and the cas-chrom, a clumsy instrument like a large club shod with iron at the point, and a pin at the ankle for the labourer's foot. It is a disgrace to see women working with it. No sickle is used for the barley among the small tenants. The stalk is plucked, the ground is left bare." The return is very scanty in some places, occasionally insufficient for the consumption of the population. It can excite no surprise that, with all these discomforts, the inhabitants of the Lewis, in the opinion of a medical man resident on the spot, "may be said to die at an early age." Still they are deeply attached to the land of their birth; a great proportion of them are altogether uneducated, and it is said that the people of Barvas even keep their children from school, lest, being thus made acquainted with better countries, they should be induced to leave their own inhospitable home.

While the inhabitants of the Lewis are left in their present wretched condition, by neglecting to cultivate the means of subsistence which are within their reach, there is another much more numerous class who are from time to time reduced to even greater want, through total mismanagement of these means after they have been realised. We allude to a large portion of the manufacturing classes, who, though earning much higher wages than the best paid of the agriculturists, are such slaves to intemperance, that they and their families are frequently left without the necessities of life. In fact, those among them who have the best wages are most prone to this vice, and, as a necessary consequence, are really the most miserable. The child is fixed upon a loom or in a mill at nine or ten years of age without the vestige of education; he is placed among seniors as ignorant as himself, and learns like them to consume in intoxication whatever spare money and spare time may be at his disposal—the rest of the Sabbath forming no exception. Not unfrequently the father of a family makes his home the scene of his debauch, and assumes his wife and children as his associates.

The amount thus squandered is almost incredible. The value of ardent spirits consumed in the parish of Stevenston in Ayrshire, with a population of 3681, exceeds the whole land rental of the parish, £3836. In Lochwinnoch, in Renfrewshire, "as in the neighbouring parishes, three or four times more money is expended in this manner than is required to support the churches and schools, and all the religious and charitable institutions." In Glasgow there is a spirit shop for every fourteen families. In 1834, it was given in evidence to the Committee of the House of Commons on drunkenness, that the amount thus squandered in that city alone was "nearly equal to the whole amount expended on public institutions of charity and benevolence in the entire United Kingdom." It was ascertained by this committee that, throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, there is a place for retail of spirits for every twenty families, and the conclusion at which they arrived was, that, looking at the value of grain destroyed, the abstraction of labour from its proper employment, the property sacrificed by sea and land, the deterioration of mental and physical powers, the increase of pauperism, and spread of crime, and the retardation of all kinds of improvement, the loss to the country from this cause alone "might be fairly estimated at little less than £50,000,000 per annum, exceeding the whole revenue of Great Britain, and ten times greater than the amount of the poor-rates. The evil is complained of in all parts of the country, but the manufacturing classes are its principal victims. No wonder that extensive misery should be the consequence, but the existence of this misery will not be received as a proof that the produce of the country has been insufficient for the support of its population. It has evidently not arisen from a deficiency of produce, but from the destruction of what has been produced.

Our conclusion, then, on the whole, would be, that the same Providence which brought man into the world has provided amply for his wants, and that if they remain unsatisfied or imperfectly satisfied, it is because man does not apply the materials afforded to the uses for which they were intended. Had the energy of the present generation been possessed by their fathers, they would have enjoyed equal comforts. Were the inhabitants of the Lewis endowed with the intelligence, dexterity, industry, and economy, which distinguish a large portion of our countrymen, their miseries would be at an end; so also would those of the manufacturing classes, could they only be taught to apply the money in their hands to its proper use.

And even that portion of the community who have done most, we feel assured, are capable of doing a great deal more, and of adding still further to their own comforts and the comforts of society. The knowledge of the wisest comprehends but a small portion of the riches of creation, and the most dexterous are far from having reached perfection. It follows that the most effectual way of benefiting either an individual or a community, is to induce them to cultivate those mental attainments which are alike necessary for the conduct of business and the enjoyment of leisure, and those arts which are required for converting to use the materials within their reach. The desire for this would make them industrious, and if industrious they could scarcely be otherwise than economical.

But how is the aversion to labour, either mental or bodily, with which all are more or less infected, to be overcome? We must answer this question by another. What has been the motive for all the exertions already made which have wrought such a change upon this country? Not certainly the mere pressure of physical want, for we see many spend their whole lives in a state of misery without making the slightest effort to relieve themselves; neither has it been the wish for expensive animal enjoyments, else the struggle would end when the means of gratifying that wish have been realised. But the desire to rise becomes stronger with every advance. The grand motive for all these exertions has plainly been to command that respect which never fails to accompany success in any honourable undertaking. It is equally prized by the humble artisan and the rich merchant; and the labours of both only require a beginning; as a few pounds saved by the merchant lead to the accumulation of thousands, so one difficulty conquered by the tradesman carries him on to grapple with another, till he arrives at proficiency. The great object, then, is to give the first impulse; and experience has shown, that if a man can be induced to place himself in competition with others of his own standing at any kind of work whatever, that object will infallibly be gained. The expedient has accordingly been resorted to in all ages. Sometimes this stimulus has been applied to promote the arts of war, sometimes those of peace—sometimes to the fine arts, sometimes to the useful. We are indebted to it for the unrivalled excellence of our ploughmen, for our improved management of green crops, for all our improvements on stock, and we see no reason why it may not be applied with equal success to every art which can benefit society. Were the whole population trained by these means to the arts required for converting to use the materials afforded by each locality, we do not think it possible that any portion of them could remain without profitable employment; and were the same care taken in the cultivation of their minds, their labour would be applied with infinitely more effect, and a security would be obtained against the misapplication of their means."

THE ROAD-SWEEPER.

[BY MRS S. C. HALL.]*

THERE he stands, leaning against the palisades opposite a long rambling edifice, called, time out of mind, B—Hall. There stands Darby Moore, the legitimate sweeper of "the long crossing," his broom resting on his arm—for he has but one—and the corresponding sleeve of his coat pinned by a large corking-pin to the fold of his red waistcoat; his hat is so evidently, if not of Irish manufacture, twisted by Irish hands, that, even if our sweeper's name was not Darby Moore, or we had never heard his mellifluous brogue, no doubt could be entertained as to where he came from—the brim of the hat is bent over his left eye, impressed by the mark of his finger and thumb, pinched in by perpetual bowing, so as to have a knowing, roguish twist; the crown has disagreed with the round, or they have come to an almost separation by mutual consent. I have seen "a handful of hay," symptoms of a red handkerchief, crusts of bread, and even a mutton bone, peeping through the slit—nay, even staring out—for Darby says, "that sorta a pocket has he, but the crown of his hat; for Judy says she can't afford pockets to his coat!"

The weather has been so fine, that one might imagine "Othello's occupation o'er."

Not so—in winter Darby sweeps the mud from "the long crossing," and in summer waters the dust. I found he had been so liberal of the pure fluid, that I said, "Darby, why, you have converted the dust into mud."

"Mud! oh, ma'am dear! do ye call that 'sprinkling' mud? Och hone! well, but my ladies is hard to please! The pleasure I takes in making 'the long crossing' agreeable—just a little thickening, and softening, and cooling, and to call it mud! Oh my, my! Well, to be sure! Why, thin, how would yer honour like it? Sure, it isn't in regard of the halfpence I get—and sure enough the sight of a silver fourpence would do the sight of my eyes good—'tisn't in regard of the halfpence, but the honour of sweepin' for the best and handsomest ladies, and the finest gentlemen in England, that's what I think of; and, my lady, if ye'll please to bespeak the nature of the damp, it shall be as ye like, ma'am; good reason I have, too. I always says to Judy, 'Judy,' says I, 'the Irish lady always brings me good luck; if it's only twopence she gives me, it's the regular seed of wealth—it grows, so it does, God bless her!' And now, my lady, how would you like 'the long crossing' to-morrow?"

* We extract this little sketch of a point in town-life from the *Britannia*, a London weekly newspaper, to which it had been contributed by Mrs Hall.

It would be impossible to describe the shades of expression that passed over Darby Moore's face during this piece of eloquence; the merry twinkle of his keen grey eye; the movement of the muscles which contract, expand, and twist his mouth; the action of his hand, which does duty for two; the shrug of his shoulder, and the anxious leer from under his eyelid, to see how the hint about the twopence takes.

"Darby, I do not think I ever gave you more than a penny at a time in my life."

"Well, the masher gives me a penny, and yer honour gives me a penny, and sure that's twopence; bedad! if yer ladyship will give me the twopence now, I'll tell the masher next time—if yer ladyship wishes it—if not, why, as the fool said, 'We'll let it stand a penny for Johnny, a penny for Jacky.'"

Darby, as he says himself, "is not altogether beholden to sweepin'"; he has been a "souldier"—talks with contempt of the "French," and declared the other day, "that th' Almighty never created but one real man in the world (barrin' her majesty, for whom he had great respect), and that man was the great Duke of Wellington, God bless him!" So Darby has a pension. What it is, he has never been heard truly to declare; it may be much, it may be little: if you inquire, he has the most ingenious way of telling and not telling.

"The pension, ma'am? Oh, bedad! it's little I get for the beautiful arm—flesh, blood, and bone, it was, my lady, that I lost."

"For my country's cause,
And England's glory!"

as the song says."

"But how much is it, Darby?"

"Faix! my lady, it's a mere nothing, and the wife and childre to the fore."

"But how much?"

"To my sorrow, my lady, I've no larning—I've no hand at the figures; and I'm thinkin' they do me out of some of it. Ye see I managed finely, until ather Miss Joy, round the corner, was married."

"How was that?"

"Why, ye see, her sweetheart always came to see her twice a-day, and though the baste (horse) was nothing but a hack, still I'd a regular sixpence to hold it. She's married now, and faith I don't think he's plazed with his bargain; for when they come to see the old lady and gentleman in the shay—which is more responsible to hold than the baste—I never get any thing but coppers!"

Pray admire Darby's "tact;" it is so Irish! how well he manages to turn curiosity from his pension to Miss Joy that was—the proprietor of "the shay" that is—and the bridegroom's probable unhappiness, either present or to come.

The little match-children who made up such a piteous story to our cook, about their father having left his bones at Waterloo, were Darby's offspring. I reminded cook that the battle had been fought more than twenty-three years ago, and she was so angry, that, even at the risk of spoiling our dinner, she pursued the urchins, and found them in the very act of dutifully sharing the pie-crusts and meat she had bestowed, with my old friend Darby Moore. This was not to be borne; she called them little story-tellers, but not in those words—and their father took their part.

"I ax yer pardon, ma'am, but here is some of what ye gave them, God bless ye!" and he held up the remains of a shoulder of mutton. "That's a bone, ma'am. Sorra a much mate on it; ye'll not say that's not a bone!"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, the childre tould no lie; they said their father left his bones at Waterloo, and so I did, God help me!—the bones of my beautiful arm and my five fingers; they tould no lie, ma'am. It wasn't their fau't, ma'am, if ye couldnt understand English."

MY NEIGHBOUR.

There are some troublesome neighbours who are the plague of a man's life. They borrow your umbrella when you want to go out, come and pay you a visit when you want to work at home, play the French horn when you want to go to sleep, and give a party on the very evening you want to finish a tragedy. My neighbour has none of these faults, but he contrives to incommode me every moment. He pries into every thing in my room, destroys my papers, and devours my breakfast. Butter, cheese, poultry, game, almost every thing is acceptable to him; and he never eats bread when he can get cake. He is neither a landowner nor elector, he pays no rent for his apartments, yet lives very comfortably. My neighbour is very gentlemanly in his habits, but never comes home till after midnight, and is fond of serenades and nightly meetings with the objects of his affections. In other respects, his character is good; he is neither a fop nor a bully, and avoids rather than seeks quarrels. He bears no malice towards those who treat him ill, and if you turn him out at one door, he will come back by the other. He goes from house to house, making himself comfortable wherever he goes, and staying till he is tired, without ever waiting for an invitation. Familiar as he is with your provisions, only take the trouble to put the stoppers in your decanters, and he will not meddle with them. He is always well dressed, his boots never creak on the floor, for their soles are of the finest chamois, and the upper leathers of India-rubber. My neighbour, though he knows I must wear a coat out at the elbows, never wears any thing but the softest furs. He never lays in fuel, but spends the cold season in my chimney-corner. All this I have to put up with. In fact, I think myself lucky, if he does not invite his friends to his nocturnal orgies, but contents himself with abusing my hospitality, rummaging among my furniture, and plundering my larder. My neighbour is one of those personages who must be well treated. It is well known that whenever he leaves a residence, it is sure to tumble down soon. This troublesome neighbour, dear reader, is—a mouse.—*From the French.—N. Y. Mirror.*

BATTLE SCENES.

THE following is an account given by Major Bevan, in his work, "Thirty Years in India," of a scene which occurred at the conclusion of a battle in which he was engaged:—

"Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the commander-in-chief to detach an officer and one hundred pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were all laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the headquarters and staff were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooly boys could be procured, they having dispersed in search of plunder.

The scenes of woe and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

The groans and screams of the wounded and dying constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers, or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart-rending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr. A. and the rest of the medical staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieutenant H., whose knee was severely shattered. He sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gunshot wounds survived, for the fractures they had suffered were generally so extensive as to bring on lock-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Mahedpoore."

Captain Patterson of the 50th, or Queen's Own regiment, presents in his "Adventures" a description of what came under his observation during the war in the Peninsula, which is equally affecting. As the narration of such incidents may be of use in creating a just horror of war, we here offer it for the perusal of the reader:—

"Soon after nightfall, and when the clash of arms was no longer heard, an interment of the dead took place, and many a poor fellow, who had a few hours before been full of life and strength, was now deposited in his narrow bed. The remains of Major Stanhope were lowered to the grave by his brother officers and comrades, with their ashes. He had worn this day a suit of new uniform, and a pair of bright silver epaulets; in which, with his military cloak around him, upon the same hour as his lamented chief, he was consigned to an honourable tomb.

While we were engaged in the performance of this melancholy duty, the Honourable Captain Stanhope of the Guards, aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore, rode up, directed by the torch-light, to the mournful group. It was the first intimation which he received of his brave relation's fate. Dismounting, and overcome with grief, he took a last farewell; and having obtained his ring, together with a lock of hair, he tore himself hastily away from the heart-rending scene.

On our march across this ground, an incident occurred which made a deep impression on the minds of those who happened to be present at the time. Across the pathway, and on either side, men and officers were lying; and one of the latter was extended on his face among the heath and brushwood, so close to where we passed, that Major Malcolm Mackenzie of the 70th, prompted as it were by intuition, suddenly dismounted to ascertain who was the individual. Stooping to observe the features, that were partly concealed by the long broom, he started back with grief and consternation, on perceiving that the young soldier, who had thus fallen an early victim, was his brother, Lieutenant Colin Mackenzie, of the same regiment.

A party of the officers of the 50th, who were collected in a knot discussing the affairs of the eventful day, were quickly seen by those marksmen, who, from behind the rocks, despatched with deadly aim a few rifle missiles, each with its billet; and the balls were so faithful to their errand, that the congress was soon dissolved, some of the members being sent to that bourne from which no traveller returns, and the remainder wounded. Among those who fell on this occasion, was Lieutenant Hugh Birchall, of the fourth battalion company, which he had commanded for some time. Having fallen ill, he was in his bed at Elisonda when the battle commenced; and hearing the noise of musketry, he thought that some-

thing was going forward in the lines in which he ought to bear a part. With a mind endued with strength superior to that of his weakly frame, he arose from the couch of sickness, and calling all the vigour that he could muster to his aid, tottered with feeble pace to the field of action, arriving at a late hour upon the hill. Exhausted, pale, and like one risen from the dead, he resumed his former place; and scarcely had he joined the group assembled in the front, when, by a fatal bullet, this spirited young man was numbered with the slain."

LINES

ON HARVEY'S PICTURE OF THE COVENANTERS WORSHIPPING,
AMONG THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

[BY S. C. HALL.]

It came from out the silent glen
The mingled prayer of armed men;
Their swords in sheath for one calm day,
"And let us worship God," they say.
They met—in fear, but not of man;
In hope—but not of human aid;
In faith—that dreads no mortal ban;
In trust—mid perils undismayed.
As wearied travellers seek the brook,
They ask refreshment from "the Book!"
The fountain gives them strength for strife,
And Freedom will be bought with life.
No Temple made by human hands
Is that in which the Pastor stands;
Around him mighty mountains rise,
Pillars to yon vast roof, the skies;
But Freedom consecrates the glen;
And girlhood, boyhood, age, and youth,
Utter or breathe a stern "Amen!"
To words that Reason stamps with Truth;
For God and Nature bade them be
All—like their free forefathers—free;
Such message yon good Pastor brings—
A message from the King of Kings!
Say, grand sire—thou shouldst know it best—
Say, matron, with the babe at breast;
Say, girl—thy lover still is near—
Can Patriot-passion banish fear?
Old man, what counsels thy grey hairs?
Mother, what dost thou tell thy son?
Boy, knowest thou what thy father dares?
Girl, say how must thy heart be won?
ALL answer, with a shout and sigh,
"Go strike for freedom—do or die!"
Nor let your children's children name
Old Scotland's mountain-men with shame!"
Thanks, Painter, for a lesson taught!
Thanks for a pictur'd store of thought!
Thus Art works out her great design,
Shapes the rough ore of Nature's mine;
Gives Beauty a perpetual youth;
Bids Virtue teach and never tire;
Shows that a halo shines round Truth;
Tells what to shun and what desire;
And makes EXAMPLE bear to ages—
More forceful than a thousand pages—
Of good or ill, a painted story
To warn from shame or win for glory.

—From the Art-Union.

AFFECTATION IN ENGLISH MANNERS.

The following remarks on the love of affectation and show in English fashionable life, are made by Count de Melfert, in his "Impressions of England":—

"If, in order to attain pleasure and really to enjoy it, it was only necessary to make continual sacrifices of time and money, then the English would be the gayest people in the world—the people who best know how to amuse themselves. The persons in different classes who thus run after pleasure, are indeed innumerable in England; it is like a determination, a continual desire, a real *entêtement*. Let it cost what it may, gaiety must be had; but, through all these efforts, the coldness and reflectiveness of the national character always pierce; and one might almost suspect that this undeviating constancy only arises from the impossibility of ever attaining the desired end. In the highest, as well as in the least distinguished society, I have always received the same impression: there exists always in every *reunion* a restraint, an indifference too marked (particularly towards those who do not form the same *clique*, and in that case it goes so far as to become rudeness); there is a want of general ease and of general amiability, and this only becomes the more apparent from one's seeing all the trouble which has been taken that every one should be gay, very gay, and very much amused; which, alas! happens but rarely, not to say never.

One might add, on the subject of the fashionable circles, that the principal thing is not precisely to enjoy personally, but to have it believed that you do so; that every body should know or think you do so, this is the important thing. There is not a brilliant party in London, or at one of the magnificent country seats, or at the mansion of a man of fashion, which is not immediately detailed in the newspapers; even the great dinners are described. After a royal drawing-room, the name and toilet of each lady who appeared is mentioned, one after another; ribands, laces, feathers, diamonds, pearls, even to the kind of silk or satin of which the dress was composed, how it was trimmed, with the technical and scientific expressions in French of the Parisian *marchandes des modes*—all is printed in the papers, and sometimes fills two or three of their enormous pages: if the occasion be a fancy or masked ball (where no masks are worn), then the dress of the gentlemen shares the same publicity, even to the form and colour of their inexpressibles; every thing being thus exhibited to the face of day, placed under the public eye, and detailed to attract the attention of the millions—even of those who, banished to the Indies, receive and devour the English papers. There must exist then, I think, more vanity and show, prepared for public effect, than for the pleasure of the moment; besides, it is absolutely *de rigueur* in the supreme *bon ton* to have an air of indolence, satiety, and nonchalance, which implies that all this is not enough, that show and magnificence are so habitual that they have become quite fatiguing."

THREE BAD HABITS.

There are three weaknesses in our habits which are very common, and which have a very prejudicial influence on our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether; as, for instance, if at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but we have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favourable opportunity, and, perhaps, at last justify ourselves in remaining indoors on the ground that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissatisfaction of the mind which impedes and deranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them instead all their lives. The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten, resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy or temperance, or any thing else; if we cannot do all we intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual. The third and last weakness to which I allude, is the practice of eating and drinking things because they are on the table, and especially when they are to be paid for. How seldom it happens that two men leave a few glasses of wine in a decanter at a coffee-house, though they have both had enough! and the consequence of not doing so is frequently to order a fresh supply; but, at any rate, even the first small excess is pernicious. Excess, however slight, either in solids or liquids, deranges the powers of digestion, and of course diminishes the full benefit of any meal. A very small quantity will cause the difference between spending the remainder of the day profitably or agreeably, and in indolence and dissipation.—*The Original.*

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

He who is of the silver fork school, will not find much comfort out of the American cities and large towns. There are no neat quiet little inns, as in England. It is all the "rough and tumble" system, and when you stop at humble inns, you must expect to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, and to sit down to meals with people whose exterior is any thing but agreeable, to attend upon yourself, and to sleep in a room in which there are three or four beds (I have slept in one with nearly twenty), most of them carrying double, even if you do not have a companion in your own.

A New York friend of mine travelling in an extra with his family, told me that at a western inn he had particularly requested that he might not have a bedfellow, and was promised that he should not. On his retiring, he found his bed already occupied, and he went down to the landlady, and expostulated. "Well," replied she, "it's only your own driver; I thought you wouldn't mind him!" Another gentleman told me, that having arrived at a place called Snake's Hollow, on the Mississippi, the bed was made on the kitchen floor, and the whole family and travellers, amounting in all to seventeen, of all ages and both sexes, turned into the same bed together. Of course this must be expected in a new country, and is a source of amusement rather than of annoyance.—*Murray's Diary.*

NITRIC ACID IN RAIN WATER.

In the celebrated French scientific periodical, the "Annales de Chimie," there was published some years ago an account of some interesting experiments made by M. Leibig on rain water, with the view of ascertaining its various impurities. Among other foreign matters a perceptible quantity of nitric acid, combined with lime or ammonia, was found in all the specimens of rain water collected during storms. The same was the case with regard to snow and hail. Small traces of iron, manganese, and muriate of soda, are generally found in rain water during thunder-storms. The formation of the nitric acid in rain water is referred by M. Leibig to the agency of the electric fluid in passing through the atmosphere. It is well known that nitric acid and common air are composed of the same elemental gases, oxygen and nitrogen—but of course they are combined in different proportions in the two different substances.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.

Lewis Cornelius of Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania, was one of the most remarkable persons, in respect to size, in the present age, and is only excelled by the celebrated Daniel Lambert. Mr. Cornelius was 6 feet 2 or 3 inches high, measured 6 feet round his body, and, just previously to the illness which terminated in his death, weighed 721 pounds. He fell off in consequence of sickness, and after death weighed but 685 pounds. Such was his extraordinary weight, that an inch rope had to be used for his bed-cord. His wife is a tall spare woman, and his family consists of eight children, the youngest of whom is ten years of age. His grown children take after the father in respect to height, one of the sons being 6 feet 1½ inches high.

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